

common at that period for people to regard phthisis as romantic, and any mental derangement as disgraceful. Certainly Mrs. S. took the latter view. She was rejoiced to find the child restored to herself, and she bound Miss X. to say nothing about the incident to anybody, "lest people should bring it up against her afterwards." She considered that Norah had been too much in the sun and that had "made her silly" for a time. Considering that the disappearance of the symptoms meant the disappearance of the disease, she did not call in a doctor. It is probable, too, that she had a feeling that even now is not uncommon among people of defective education, that mind and morals do not concern the physical.

Norah apparently completely regained her health. She did not become an infant prodigy. At the age of fourteen, when Miss X. left her and she was placed in the hands of foreign governesses, she seems to have been a fairly normal girl; a little emotional, perhaps, but with no tendencies to melancholy, fond of sport, eager to see the world.

Eight years afterwards Miss X. took the post of companion to Norah. During the interval she had once more become an orphan, and she had inherited Mr. S.'s fortune, which was not immense, but was much greater than it had been supposed he would leave behind him. It gave Norah an income of about £1,700 a year. She came to London, where she had many friends. Some of these were anxious to have her to live with them, but she was fond of her independence. She wrote to Miss X., with whom she had kept up a desultory correspondence once, and an arrangement was soon made between them. They lived together in a comfortable house in Hampstead. Here, also, Miss X. noticed nothing that could be called abnormal about Norah. She was bright and energetic, fond of pleasure, and fond of getting new experiences.

Norah was at this time engaged to be married to a distinguished Orientalist and traveler, a man about ten years older than herself, to whom she was devoted. It was arranged that after the marriage Miss X. was to act as her housekeeper.

Three days before the marriage was to take place Norah committed suicide, poisoning herself with oxalic acid. It is not a good suicide's poison, because the antidote is to be found ready to hand in most houses. But Norah was not discovered; she took the poison in a diluted form and died in her sleep.

No motive of any kind could be found for the act, at the time, and the usual verdict was returned.

II.

By her will she left to Miss X. an annuity and all her books and papers. Among the latter was a bundle of penny exercise books tied up with a string, and marked "Not to be read until a year after my death." Rightly or wrongly, Miss X. made no mention of these at the inquest. It is from them that the brief second part of Norah's history is here written. I have not been permitted to read the whole of these books as yet. Much of what I have read I am not permitted to repeat here, and of verbatim quotation I can give very little.

These books are a revelation of the tragedy of Norah's life. They are concerned, principally, with her second personality, Janet, and are not consecutive, long lapses occurring between the dates of the different books:

There is no reference to the Lowestoft incident in them. The first book is dated when Norah was fifteen years old.

The first line begins: "I was Janet in sleep last night. It is no good to pray any more. One day she will come when I am awake, and everybody will know, and they will shut me up somewhere, and say that I am mad."

That note of horror is repeated all

through the books. She makes miserable little pathetic tests of her sanity, and can find nothing wrong but that one thing—that she feels that at any time she may lose her personality, that Janet may come back. She feels it a disgrace that she is not like other people; she longs for help and sympathy, yet not for worlds would she speak of her trouble to a single soul.

She appears to have some means, never indicated, of communicating with this mysterious twin sister. She speaks of telling her things, and of exacting a promise from her that she will never come back except when Norah is alone at night. Then we hear no more of these conversations, which are reported in a most matter-of-fact way, and another horror springs up. Janet means to ruin her. She will never speak, but Norah knows.

After that there comes a period of about a year, during which there are no notes at all. This period coincides with her residence in London, and includes the few months of her engagement. Indeed, it may be doubted if Norah ever wrote in the book again, for the next entry, which is the last, is written in the looking-glass hand. I held it to a mirror and read:

"I have come back for a little while, but tomorrow I shall come back to stay. I shall take him away from you, sister Norah. It is I that he shall marry. I wonder what you thought. For a long time. . . ."

There the sentence breaks off abruptly. It bears the date of the day on which Norah committed suicide.

As a case of double personality it is explicable, doubtless, on the theory of absolute somnambulism, but it suggests other questions less easy to answer. A clever novelist might be able to make something of it, filling in the lacunae. Of course, he would be using a motive that had been used before; but then all the motives have been used before.—Barry Pain, in Black and White.

"What sort of a dog was it that bit you?" asked Sprockets of Bevelgear. "A chainless."

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Defect.

A wise man looked at the world and laughed.

And an altruist offered him reproof, saying: "There is occasion for tears, one would think!"

"Tears of blood are not to be compassed by all of us," answered the wise man.—The Mirror.

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THE SHIRT WAIST MAN.

Behold me, Coatless and cool; I am the shirt waist man And if I don't Take the rag off the bush I take the coat Off my back And fling it In the face of conventionality. What do I care If Fashion Piles the perspiration Up knee deep On the backs Of coated men? It doesn't monkey with me, For I yank off my coat And Fashion Chases itself out of my Neighborhood, And leaves me Cool As a cucumber. Of course, My shirt waist Isn't cut according To the pattern Of the lady shirt waist And it lacks Fluff and puff And furbelow And has a Superfluity of narrative Perhaps, But it gets there Just the same, And I am comfortable While those, Coated with conventionality, Sweat and swear And kick holes In the Weather Bureau And lose their tempers In an overflow of temperature. The shirt waist man Isn't a recognized institution Just yet, But he's the coming man And the hot weather Brings him out As it does the tassels On a field of corn, And soon the streets Will blossom with him, Not altogether A thing of beauty, But verily a joy During the heated term. That's me, The shirt waist man, And as long As I keep cool Conventionality May go to thunder.

W. J. L. —The Sun.

The Wholesale Trade in College Degrees.

(From the Saturday Evening Post.) Even in the good old days when a man was knighted simply because the king esteemed him a good fellow, and a woman became my lady in exchange for a judiciously bestowed kiss, patents of nobility were granted for better reasons than are parchments of learning today—at least by some of the smaller colleges. If honors were easy then, honorary degrees are easier now. No one with more than a million seems to be ineligible.

So long as we have college presidents whose sense of humor and of the eternal fitness of things are as small as their greed of endowment and advertising is large, this indiscriminate scattering of honors will go on. Doctors are already as plentiful as colonels in an ex-Confederate stronghold. We have professors of the beautiful science of shoe polishing. It is but a step now to doctors of the delicate art of shaving. As for the men who are by attainment entitled to an LL. D., they are already beginning to fight shy of the honor.

It is sometimes a distinction to be plain Mr. Smith.

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